\* Th. Beed. \*

\* The Beed. \*

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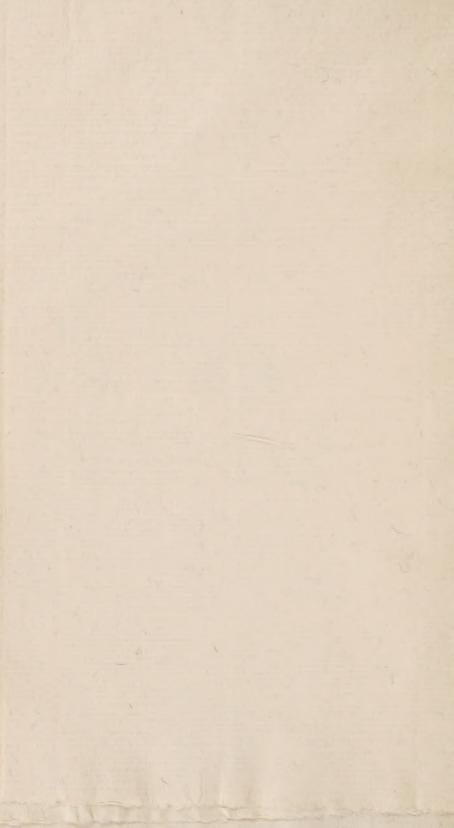


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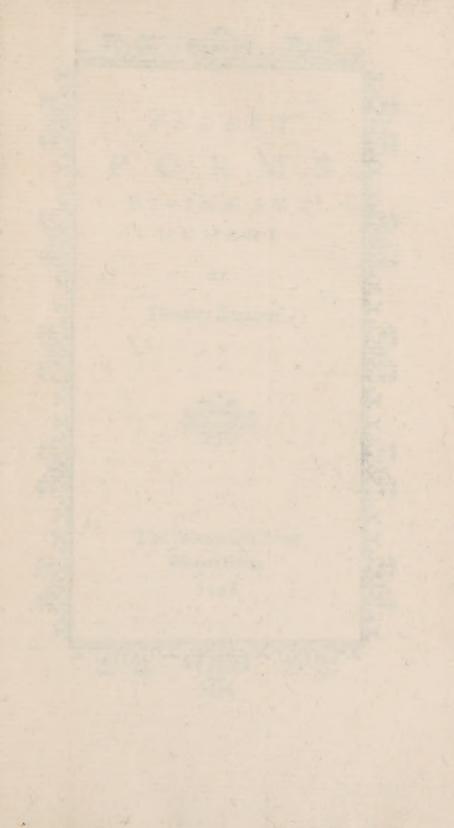


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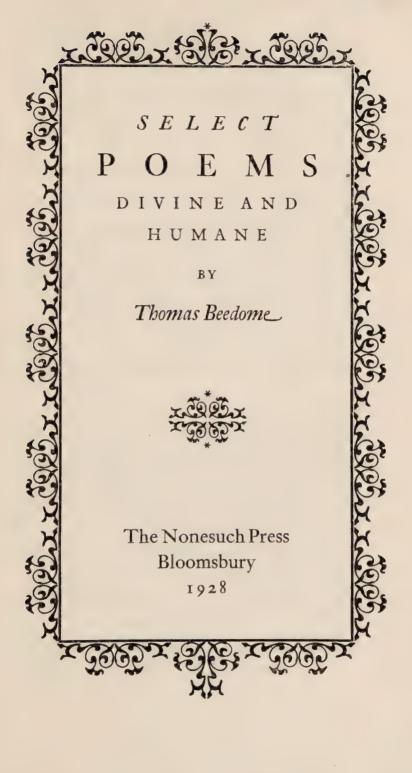












נולטגען בת פריים

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# THE EDITOR'S FOREWORD

"POEMS: Divine and Humane. By Thomas Beedome" was published posthumously in 1641; pirated in part by Henry Bold in 1657; & thereafter wholly neglected. Although the book in its entirety affords some reason for this neglect, I believe that the following selection will show in occasional Donne-like phrases and rare whole poems reasons still better for a new and sympathetic attention.

A complete reissue of Beedome's "Poems" was suggested to me by Mr. Edward O'Brien, who to this end prepared a transcript of the copy in the Bodleian Library. Closer acquaintance with its text led to the view that the publication of a selection was the better plan. This I have made; and made also many textual changes, which are recorded in the notes. The 1641 edition was printed with a carelessness so consistent that much detective work and some guesswork have been called for. I must bear the entire responsibility for the exclusions, inclusions and emendations.

#### Foreword

No extravagant claim is made for Beedome. He is a poet, if only a minor poet, from whom the larger anthologies of the future will, I believe, take more than one well-rescued poem. His extremes reach to bathos such as:

Like a sweete odor upward as it goes, It yeelds a perfume to th'Almighties nose

and, at the other end, to lines such as:

For joy, like griefe, we know, sometimes appeares, Writ on our cheekes, with characters of teares

and his apostrophe to Drake:

Drake, who the world hast conquer'd like a scrole; Who saw'st the Articke, and Antarticke Pole; If men were silent, starres would make thee knowne, Phoebus forgets not his companion.

I wish to express my gratitude to Mr. O'Brien for introducing me to Beedome's work; and to make a remoter acknowledgement to Professor Benjamin Clough of Brown University, who did a like service to Mr. O'Brien and was thus the first begetter of this enterprise.

Francis Meynell.

May 1928.

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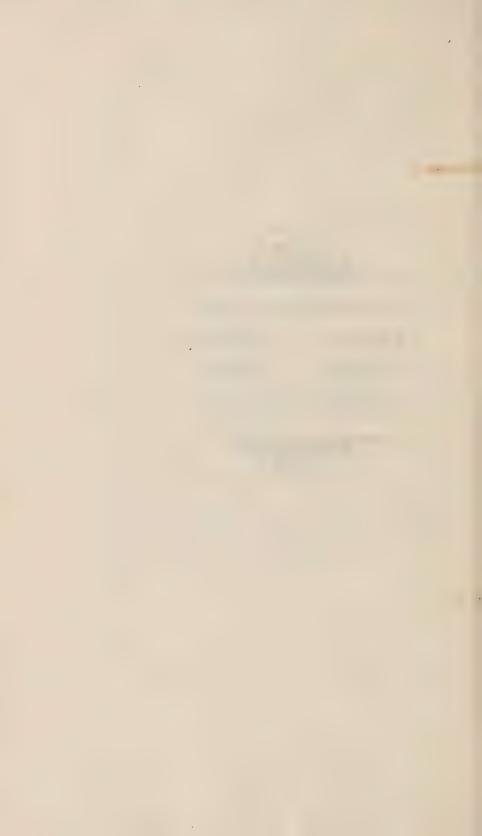
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#### HUMANE

### P O E M S

To his Mistresse, when shee was going into the Country.

Yes, yes, it must be so, but must there be, When you depart, no memory had of mee?— My soule being rack't as large a distance to To meete you there, as I must be from you, While the glad spring for joy you shall be seene Meetes your approach, and cloaths her selfe in greene, And the fresh morning to salute your rise, Bedewes the ground from it's o'rejoyed eyes, (For joy, like griefe, we know, sometimes appeares, Writ on our cheekes, with characters of teares). Goe and be happy, goe, and when you see The trusty Ivy claspe it's much lov'd tree, And with it's amorous intwinings cover The welcome waiste of it's imbraced lover, Thinke it our Embleme then, and prov'd to be The happy shadow of my love and mee. Goe, and be happy, and when some sweet brookes (Calme as thy thoughts, and smooth as are thy lookes) Show thee thy face, then let thy thoughts supply And though I be not, thinke that I am by;

For if the heart be taken for whole man,
I must be by thee, be thou where thou can.
Goe, and when pretty birds on some small spray,
Neere to thy window welcome in the day:
Awake, and thinke, when their sweete notes you heare,
I was before-hand, and had sung them there.
Goe, and whate're thou chance to heare or see,
Be it bird, or brooke, or shade or tree;
If it delights thee, may my soule in it
Move thy true joyes under that counterfeit.
So, aske not how I doe when you are there,
For at your mercy well or ill I fare.
For now me thinkes my heart so high doth swell,
It must inforce a breath, farewell, farewell.

#### The Knell.

When the sad tolling of my bell you heare, Thinke tis some Angells trump, and Judgments neere; Then if but to repent, you take the paine, Your judgement's past, lye downe and sleepe againe.

#### The Perfume.

Not that I thinke thy breath lesse sweete than this, Thy breath, in which no pleasant sweets I misse, Not that I thinke thy white, than this lesse faire, Thy white, to which all whites but blacknesse are; Not that I thinke thy heart, than this lesse pure, Thy heart, which no dull mixture can indure,

Send I this to thee, but as gold well try'd Admits allay when it is purifi'd, So by this foyle I would to thee impart What is thy breath, thy whitenesse, and thy heart. Thy breath, all perfumes, doth as farre out-goe, As doth thy whitenesse, the descending snow; The snow descends, but by the winds being blowne, Thy sweeter breath, and whiter snows, thine owne. Thy heart lesse mixt than the sole Phoenix bed, Proclaimes thee mistresse of a Maidenhead, And so there were no ashes after fire, Would that were conquer'd in my love's desire. But if there be, why can it not suffice That one being dead another Phoenix rise? Thy maiden head being gone, we still shall prove, Both being one, unparalell'd in love. But I have riddl'd, let me now unfold, What is the perfume, what the snow, what gold; All this, and each of these, thou know'st thou art, And I should know more, did I know thy heart.

# To his Mistresse on her Scorne.

Resolve mee dearest, why two hearts in one Should know the sinne of separation. Must the sweete custome of our oft stolne kisses Be lost, and wee live empty of those blisses:

Or do the frownes of some old over seer Nourish thy feare, or make thy love lesse freer? Why did'st thou suffer mee those sweetes to steale, Which but thine own, no tongue can e're reveale, And prompt mee to a daring, to beleeve, That my sad heart should find no cause to grieve: Yet now at last hast mockt my hope so farre, That I have met a cloud, though meant a starre. Well, take thy tryumph, study but to be True to thy selfe, as thou art false to mee, And thou shalt meet a conquest yet. When I Have groan'd unto the world my Elegy, And thy unjust disdaine, perhaps I shall Obtaine this honour in my funerall: Thy poysonous guilt mixt with thy perjur'd breath, May make thee wither with mee unto death: So shall I triumph in my Ashes too, In that my innocence hath conquer'd you, And then my eye rejoyce, in that I have Thy scorne, to be a mourner at my grave.

### The Question and Answer.

When the sad ruines of that face In it's owne wrinkles buried lyes, And the stiffe pride of all it's grace By time undone, fals slacke and dyes:

Wilt not thou sigh, and wish in some vext fit, That it were now as when I courted it.

And when thy glasse shall it present,
Without those smiles which once were there,
Showing like some stale monument,
A scalpe departed from it's haire,
At thy selfe frighted wilt not start and sweare
That I belied thee, when I call'd thee faire?

Yes, yes, I know thou wilt, and so
Pitty the weaknesse of thy scorne
That now hath humbled thee to know,
Though faire it was, it is forlorne,
Love's sweetes thy aged corps embalming not,
What marvell if thy carkasse, beauty, rot.

Then shall I live, and live to be
Thy envie, thou my pitty; say
When e're thou see mee, or I thee,
(Being nighted from thy beauties day)
'Tis hee, and had my pride not wither'd mee,
I had, perhaps, beene still as fresh as hee.

Then shall I smile, and answer: true thy scorne Left thee thus wrinkled, slack't, corrupt, forlorne.

#### The new Petition.

Apollo once disdained not to keepe, So he might keepe his love, Admetus' sheepe: The distaffe Hercules did exercise, T'extract a smile from his deare Ladies' eyes:

Olympicke Joave disdained not to take A bull's effigies for Europa's sake: Achilles fitter farre to deale with steele, Did labour for his Mistresse at the reele. Love-spur'd Leander, his pledg'd faith to save, Died, hugging in his armes the murdering wave, Whil'st a new death his Heroe doth devise, And drowned her selfe ith Ocean of her eyes. By Pyramus, the world did understand That love and life, lay linked hand in hand. When one was lost in Thisbe, th'other flew, Through the pierc't portals of his wound, yet new; Which when his Thisbe saw, 'tis hard to say, Whose spirit posted fastest on the way. Thus some dejection, others did invade Great opposition, and have willingly laid Their lives at needlesse hazzard, some have died, And so have to the utmost satisfied What tyrant love could force, and beyond this, The great and true non ultra fixed is. Yet happy this, since what so e're they tryed, Was on their Mistresse part regratified. Oh who would, when he saw an equall flame Of love in her he lov'd, owe so much shame As to esteeme his life, if her least griefe, Did but invite his blood for her reliefe? But these forenamed courteous Ghosts can beare Mee witnesse, I have shed full many a teare,

Spoke the best language Rhetoricke affords, Limn'd out my heart even to the life in words, Would, what they did, did like occasion proffer, And till that, do I can no more, but offer. And yet for all my sufferings, shee that is, If I dare reach to call her so, my blisse, Slights all my sorrowes; Oh what eye could now Forbeare to yeeld a teare, when seeing how I love, I am neglected; weepe with mee All you that read my wrongs, so if you be Compassionate, perhaps your teares may move The frozen Mercy of my ice-white love. Which if they doe, if you at any time Shall want a drop, I'le lend you some of mine. Methinkes I see you weepe deare Mistresse then, Behold a noble sea of pittying men Doth waft mee to your favour; if you daigne, Yet now at last to ease mee of my paine, This glory shall unto your mercy rise, That you have wip't teares from all lovers eyes.

### Fooles Paradise, or Reason Bewitcht.

... Sapta

Spicula sent nobis puris . . .

Simple as are the Elements unmixt, Stedfast as is the earth, whose footing's fixt Untainted like the silver suite of Swan, Alone like truth, well ordered like a man.

Like these in each of these was I, untill Upon a time, Reason fell foule with Will, Who back't with sence, that it might battaile move Implor'd the ayde of all commanding Love. Love by his mother taught, doth soone comply To be an Actor in this treachery. The battell's wag'd, and Reason flyes the field, While Sence and Will to Love the conquest yeeld. I now, love's subject, am inforc't to doe What ever his designes commands mee to. See, see (quoth hee), do you behold that maid, Whose equal doth not breathe; and there he staid To draw fresh aire. So quicke was hee to give Mee notice that I must no longer live In my owne selfe, but her whom when I spy'd, Mee thought I had beene happy to have dy'd; Since I at once saw severally in one What joyn'd together made perfection. This was Florella, that bright shining starre, Who might have caused a second Trojan warre, Were there a second Paris; for her face The world might strive, but then there sate a grace So chast, that might expell each spurious thought Such as foule Hellen to her Paris brought. There I might read in my Florella's lookes, (Such are indeed beauties most perfect bookes) Loves pleasant Lecture, where I might espie How Cupid once sought entrance at her eye,

Whom she repell'd; like snow, the chast and cold Could not admit a Sympathy to hold With his hot flames, but melting quite put out That ardent fire which warm'd her round about. Cupid denied of this did backward start, And ran for hast to hide him in her heart. Where he renewed fresh flames, and by delay, So scorcht his wings he could not fly away. Thus fixt perforce in her, my conquer'd breast Is the poor Inne of such a God-borne guest, Whom while I harbor, it is hard to tell Whether his presence be a Heaven or Hell, Such pleasurable paine, such painfull pleasure, Sometimes below, and sometimes above measure. Mars on a time forsooke his Venus bed, Protesting he no longer would be led To those embraces, which like Circes charmes, Made him forget th' Heroicke use of Armes. Venus heard this, whiles halfe in anger shee Did thrust her darling Cupid off her knee. Downe falls the youngster, and in falling so Broke all his Arrows, quiver and his bow. His grandame Nature pittying the mischance, Wipes the wagges eyes, told him she would advance Him to his former office: for a dart That should transfixe the most obdurate heart, She would create an eye, and for a bow She'd make a brow, whose arch inclining so,

Should shoote such shafts, that deity should yeeld Themselves glad prisoners in the maiden field, When streight she made Florella, such a maid, Who being nam'd, need there ought else be said? 'Tis not long since that I heard Lovers whine At those deepe wounds, which from their Mistris eyne They bleeding had receiv'd, cause they could winne No mercy from them, whilst I thought some pinne Had scratch't their tender hands, till I too late Grew sensible they were unfortunate In their lost loves: 'cause when Florella fround. Shee like a Commet strucke mee to the ground, Till shee was pleas'd to cleare her glorious eyes, Which summon'd mee from death to life to rise. Wherefore you speedy Merchants doe you runne Beyond the bounds of the all-bounding Sunne, To seeke for Rubies, Pearle, and Ivory, Adventuring hazard both of Land and skie, When my Florella can afford all this Without your search in the tumultuous Seas? Rubies and Pearle her lips and teeth, her skinne Like hollow Ivory, lockes those gems within, For which you fondly up and downe doe rome, When you may better find this wealth at home. What would the Northerne Climate hold too deare To purchase my Florella to live there? That where the niggard Sun denies to shine, They might receive more lustre from her eyne.

But that I know she loves Religion best, She had long since, seene India the West, But least those Pagans, who adore the rise Of the bright Sunne, should doate upon her eyes, She was resolv'd to stay: woe had I bin Had she gone thither to encrease their sinne. East India nothing holds that's worth her view, There's nothing there, that shee can take for new; Their aire-perfuming spices, pretious gum, Their fragrant odors, pleasant Cinamum, All these and sweeter farre, shee breathes whose smell Doth all things but it selfe, highly excell. Once to my friend I did these lines rehearse, Who streight way smil'd, and did applaud my verse. But Ah! I fear 'twas my Florella's name That brib'd his tongue, so to belie my fame. Once, and but once, I chanc't to have the sight Of my Florella, who makes darkenesse light, When leaden Morpheus did her sence surprize, In the lock't casket of her closed eyes: Faine would I steale a kisse, but as I strove, Those scarlet Judges\* of my sleeping love Her lips. Did swell against my pride, and angry red, Charg'd mee stand backe from her forbidden bed. While they her precious breath did seeme to smother, Each privately did steale a touch from th'other. I envious at their new begotten blisse Was bold on her soft lips to print a kisse.

At which she wak't: And have you ever seene How faire Aurora, heaven's illustrious Queene, Shakes off her sable Robe, and with a grace Smiles in the front of a faire morning face? Just so my love, as if night had been noone, Discards the element of the uselesse moone: And from her glorious tapers sent a fire, To light the darkest thoughts to quicke desire While thus from forth her roseall gate she sent, Breath form'd in words, the marrow of content. And have you Sir, at such a tempting time Betrayd my honour, to this welcome crime, By stealing pleasure from me, twas thy Love I know, that did thee to this trespasse move, For I have prov'd thy faith, which since I finde The trusty Inmate of a loyall minde, Of force I must accept it; and in part Of recompence, afford thee all my heart. Thus having ceaz'd my prize; I told her, sweet, As by no fouler name we ere may greete, So what is mine I tender, all, my selfe, The poorest part of thy unvalued wealth. Thou hast won much in this, thy mercy showne, That thus at last thou dost receive thy owne Least they who after me like fate shall prove, Should say: See what it is to be in Love.

Iam in portu.

#### The broken heart.

Song.

Count the sighs, and count the teares, Which have in part my budding yeares: Comment on my wofull looke, Which is now blacke sorrows booke. Read how love is overcome. Weepe and sigh, and then be dumbe. Say it was your charity To helpe him whose eyes are dry. Here paint my Cleora's name, Then a heart, and then a flame, Then marke how the heart doth fry When Cleora is so nigh. Though the flame did doe its part, 'Twas the name that broke the heart. Peace, no more, no more you need My sad history to read. Fold the paper up agen, And report to other men These complaints can justly prove Hearts may breake, that be in love.

### To his worthy friend Mistresse —

I charge thee by those eyes of thine,
Give mee my heart:

Those eyes that stole it out of mine,

I felt the smart.

And least the theft you should deny, Look where you keepe it in your eye.

And now I have espy'd it there,

Thinking to catch it,
You chaine and wind it in your haire,

But still I watch it:

And so got loose from thence, it flyes

And so got loose from thence, it flyes, And sports agen upon your eyes.

Though now to cozen mee you seeke,

Thinking to hide,

It in the dimple of your cheeke

I have discry'd:

How now discovered it doth skip 'Twixt the soft prison of each lippe.

Yes, yes, I see it stealing goe,

Least I should find it,

Through the long gallery of snow;

And still I mind it,

How you have shuffled it betweene

How you have shuffled it betweene Your breasts, not thinking it is seene.

See, see, I see it creeping in

(Neare you I feare)

Through the small crannies of your skinne

To shelter there,

As if that vaile could cosen mee. Alas, I know things I not see.

But if, nor eye, nor hair, nor cheeke, Nor lip, nor breath, nor heart it keep: Give me them all, for every part Thou hast, has part of mee; my heart.

# On a Lillie now withered in her bosome.

Blest in thy happy bed faire Lilly lie
To shade thee from the Sunne of her bright eye:
But doe not in a wanton pride preferre
Thy selfe, as adding whitenesse unto her.
Alas! what glory could in thee appeare
So eminent, if not transplanted there?
But see, thou fadest already, poore, proud flowre,
Whose fate is limited to one short howre:
And since thou wouldst for such a beauty vie,
Thy conquer'd envie makes thee pale and dye.

9

Come sit thee downe, and with a mislyn charme
Ceaze my incircled arme,
Till lockt in fast imbraces wee discover
In every eye a lover,
Then lost in that sweete extacy of blisses,
Wee'le speake our thoughts in kisses,
In which wee'le melt our soules, and mixe them so,
That what is mine or thine, there's none shall know.

Rare mistery of love, and wonders too,
Which none but wee can doe:
Nor shall the leaden spirits of all those,
Who speake of love in tamer prose
Beleeve our joyes: but dully censure us,
Onely for loving thus.
Ah! how I smile, that doubly blest, we doe
Injoy our selves, and all their envie too.

### The Choyce.

What care I though she be faire
Her snow-like hand, or Sun-like eye,
If in that beauty I not share,
Were she deformed, what care I.
What care I though shee be foule,
Her swarthy hand, or sunne burnt eye,

So long as I enjoy her soule,
Let her be so, why what care I.
Dimme sight is cosened with a glosse
Of gaudy gowne, or humerous haire;
Such gold in melting leave more drosse
Than some unpolish't pieces share.
Be she faire, or foule, or either,
Or made up of both together,
Be her heart mine, her hand or eye
Be what it will, why what care I.

# Encomium Poetarum ad fratrem Galiel Scot.

Twice I began, and twice my trembling hand Startled from what my Genius did command, Lest harmelesse it should hazzard all my fame, And my attempt win nothing but selfe shame. It deem'd the praise of Poets worth the pen, Rather of Angels, than of mortall men. My bolder heart bid on: for blind men may, Although not see, yet know there is a day, And said (perhaps) my credit I might save: The proverbe sayes, nought venter nothing have. Then come ye Muses, were you nine times nine, I could imploy you in this worke of mine. Fill my wide sailes, that while you stand my friend, I may swimme safe unto my journey's end

Since the first Mistique Chaos did entombe The earths fair fabricke in confusions wombe, There is no art can plead antiquity Before the heavenly birth of Poesie: I speake of those arts which this day we call, As witnesse to their nature: Liberall. Next by th'effect the worth of things is knowne, They in respect of this seeme to have none. The end of verse is to preserve from death What ever from a Poet tooke its breath: Witnesse that golden age, whose fame lives still By some few drops, from Naso's golden quill: He rescued Saturnes Godhead from the ground, And by his lines his aged temples crown'd. He in a brasse-outlasting paper page, Created thee, great Jove, a silver age: Apollo for his Daphne, to his Layes Owes a rich wreath of thunder-scorning bayes. One petty blast from his immortall breath, Preserv'd Diana's chastity from death. Nor need Acteon take it much in scorne. That Ovid did cornute him with a horne. Homer yet lives, whose pen for want of eyes, Did paint his name the way to kisse the skies; Young schollers in the darke might grope like fooles, Were not he plac't the lanthorne of the Schooles.

Alcides. The world had lost among it's Worthies, one\*
Who had not Homer sung, had neere beene knowne.

Ulysses act had perish'd like a toy, Had this blind guide not led him out of Troy, And rapt his memory up so safe in rime, That it shall equall, if not out-live time. Maro, thy lines great Cæsar hath extold, That paid each severall verse a piece of gold, Yet thought his purchase easie, and did more Esteeme thy wit, than all his wealth and store, And justly too, since what thy labour spent On him, lasts longer than his monument. This (Rome being fired) is ashes, but his name Lives Salamander-like, spight of the flame. Didst thou not snatch Aeneas from that fire, That up to Illions Turrets did aspire, And bor'st his feeble father by thy pen On his sons shoulders, through an hoast of men? For which, thy selfe, great Virgill shalt remaine To endlesse times, even till thou rise againe. No envious fire thy able skill shall burne, Till fire and earth into one substance turne, Till when (that I may come to speake our dayes) Daniel thou livest circled with breath for bayes. Nor Spencer to whose verse the world doth owe Millions of thankes can unremembred goe: Nor thou great Johnson, who knowst how to write Such lines as equall profit with delight, Whil'st thy untired readers wish each sheet Had beene a volume,'tis so neate, so sweete.

Next, fame seemes charily to spread her wings, O're what the never dying Drayton sings. Still lives the Muse's Appollinean son, The Phoenix of his age, rare Harrington, Whose Epigrams when time shall be no more, May die (perhaps) but never can before. This cloud can witnesse that a Poet may Bring darknesse out of light, make night seeme day. These can make lawes, and Kingdomes, alter States, Make Princes Gods, and poore men Potentates. An amorous verse (faire Ladies) winnes your loves Sooner than buskpoints, farthingalls, or gloves: A Poets quill doth stand in greater stead, Than all such toyes to gaine a maiden head. A line well writ, and by a Potent skill, Charmes the rapt soule with musique of a quill Whilst the by standers deem't a blisse to die, Tickled to death by such sweet harmony. Againe, if thou deserve the Muses frowne (Wretch that thou art) a quill can hurle thee downe, To that abisse of ignomy, that fate Cannot condemne thee to a baser state. 'Twill make each finger point at thy disgrace, And like a Monster each man shun thy face: While thou thus branded, finding no reliefe, With a strong halter choakest thy stronger griefe. Thus Poets like fates factors here do hold All power underneath their pens controld.

### Humane Poems

Lastly deare brother, thinke not I forgot,
Amongst this learned file to ranke my Scot.
Thy early Muse sings in so sweete a straine,
As if Apollo had compos'd thy vaine,
Superlatively taking, while each letter
Disdaines our Modern Poets should sing better.
Now faints my pen, and fainting feares that I
My selfe may perish, if with clemencie,
My reader censure not, yet hopes to raise
A memory to it selfe, though not of praise;
That I being earth, something may live of mee:
Perhaps this paper if approv'd by thee.

# Against prejudicate opinion.

The humble soule, the mind opprest,
Shall finde unto his conscience rest:
The cleare in heart, the single eye,
Laughs at his neighbours jealousie,
Then let men censure what they can,
The inside makes the honest man.
Who'ld thinke a clod of earth should hold
Within, a masse of splendent gold?
So silly woods have fragrant smels,
And Pearles are found in sordid shells;
Base scabbards hold approved swords;
And leatherne covers golden words.

#### Humane Poems

Digge up the earth, and burne the wood, The gold, and smell, will both be good; Unsheath the blade, the book untye, One takes your heart, t'other your eye, Had these laid still they might have gone Thought hardly worth the looking on: Then judge what folly there had beene To censure any thing unseene.



### EPIGRAMS

# To my deare friend William Harrington.

Tis true (my Will.) and I confesse I owe
Thy friendship more than this: yet to bestow
A verse upon a frend, hath sometimes bin
A present worth th'acceptance of a King.
Though my pen-feather'd Muse yet cannot teach
My feeble quill to that rap't height to reach,
'Twill be no lessse content to mee, if shee
Be but well entertain'd (deare friend) of thee.
Thou art a King in friendship: and I may,
Then thus to my no little comfort say,
That two good Wills my worthlesse Muse hath won,
My Scot: and my no lesse-lov'd Harrington.

Thy friend Th. Beed.

### To the Noble Sr. Francis Drake.

Drake, pererrati novit quem terminus orbis, Et cujus faciem vidit uterque polus: Si taceant homines facient te sidera notum, Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.

### The Translation.

Drake, who the world hast conquer'd like a scrole; Who saw'st the Articke, and Antarticke Pole; If men were silent, starres would make thee knowne, Phœbus forgets not his companion.

# To his friend Mr. Em. D. on a rich vaporing sot, whom hee stiles *Ignoramus*.

Blesse us! why here's a thing as like a man, As Nature to our fancie fashion can. Beshrew mee, but he has a pretty face, And weares his rapier with indifferent grace, Makes a neat congie, dances well, and sweares: And weares his Mistresse pendant in his eares: Has a neat foot as ever kist the ground, His shoes and roses cost at least five pound. Those hose have not a peere, for by relation, They're cut a moneth at least since the last fashion. He knowes two Ladies that will yow there's none At Court, a man of parts, but he alone. And yet this fop scarce ever learn'd to know The mixture of the dis-joyn'd Christ-crosse row. Strip off his ragges, and the poore thing is then The just contempt of understanding men. Being Fortunes minion, Nature thought it fit Since he had wealth enough, he should want wit.

# To my matchlesse friend, my dearest William Scot, a New-yeares guift.

How shall I thanke my fate that wrought this end To my best wishes? that thou art my friend. I may lose all (if I have any) wealth, My sicknesse may be reave mee of my health. Bondage may steale my freedome, but my love, Which is a sacred blessing from above Can neere be wanting, since 'tis lock't in thee, Who art true friendships safest treasurie. It joyes mee that my soule so well did light To dwell with thine, thou that dost speake, and write, And thinke the same with mee, as if my spirit, Did nothing else but what is thine, inherit. If e're (which heaven defend and still uphold) Our league should breake: Oh! horror to be told, And that the knot of our strong amity, Should be dissolv'd by any crime in mee, Then count mee lighter than my fleeting breath, Show but this paper, and I'le blush to death. But I feare no such mischiefe, since our love So aptly in each others soules doth move. No Rhetoricke can my zeale to thee impart, So well I love thee, that thou hast my heart; And that my action may concord with time, Be this my New-yeares guift, and call mee thine Ever till death, T.B.

# Of one Mary Fraile, who lay with Mr. Reason.

Mary was long desirous for to marry,
And vow'd that past fifteene she would not tarry;
I am sure this vow of modesty did faile,
Alas yet pardon her for flesh is Fraile.
No suitors came, nor could her longing eyes
Meete any that might seaze her as his prize;
But making conscience not to breake her vow,
Shee is (as then she promist) no maid now.
Though thou know'st not why she so young did sport,
I'de have thee thinke, Fraile had some Reason for't.

## To the excellent Poet Mr. George Withers.

I never saw thee: but should grossely lie
To say I know thee not, for silly I,
Or one that is more stupid, well may guesse
At what thou art by what thou dost expresse.
Oh that blest day when first my willing hand
Opt the remembrance of this Sinsicke land:
Trust mee, I griev'd to thinke that now my age,
Had sixteene summers acted on this stage:
Yet was a stranger to so rare a soule
As thine: whose heaven-bred boldnesse durst controle

Without respect of persons, every sinne That to thy knowledge had committed bin. Then next thy Satyres, and thy Motto, I Made hast to purchase, where I might espie, How some too base for earth, not worth a name, Sought by their mire and dirt to clay thy fame. And credit mee, I hardly could forbeare, Upon these pittied lines to drop a teare. But that I know vertue oppos'd by fate, Lookes greatest (like the Sunne) in lowest state: When other wits, who have in some base rime, Imploy'd of fate, that they might conquer time; Shall like those paper toyes, in which they trust, Be eate by wormes, or molded into dust, And want a name: thou by thy vertues grac't Shall live till earth by fire be imbrac't.

Thy unknown well-wisher Th. Beed.

### To the worthy honoured, Sir Henry Wootten, Knight.

Is there eternity? or is there fame?

Rests there a glory to a vertuous name?

Is there a wreath for Poets? is there blisse

To a condigne discent? yes, sure there is.

Can man (whose soule tis true, is active) rise

To such a height, not here, but when hee dyes?

Nay further is it in the might of man
To acquire all this? yes, by defect he can.
Then,'tis some joy to know it, but suppose
Some were so stupid that they durst oppose
This tenet, nay, and further would imply,
That 'tis in posse for best wits to die.
How when thy clay shall sleepe, shall thy just fame
Brand these erroneous? and convince with shame
Their then griev'd soules, to thinke thy losse hath lent
To their dull Tribe that deare experiment;
Whil'st thou when Earth shall mourne to misse thee here,
Above to Monarchs, shalt become a Peere,
And make the next age blush to thinke that shee
Retaines no equall to thy wit or thee.

# To the same Knight being President of Eaton Colledge.

Why should men wonder so, that Eaton Boyes,
Do by their learning purchase fame: not noise?
Doth not that Male-Minerva Wootten grace
With pollisht Eloquence'bove all, that Place?
Oh! if each Colledge still had resident,
But halfe so rare a witted President,
'Twere to be hop't (like this) that grac't by them,
Each Colledge might become an Accadem.

Yours in all service

Th. Beed.

### On a fresh water Souldier.

Danus was much in debt, and knew no way
A long forbearing creditor to pay;
And when he prest him hard: Good Sir quoth hee,
A while desist, I hope his majestie
Will in the Navy, when a place doth fall,
Make me a Captaine, then Ile pay you all.
But marke, while hee the honest man would gull
His new coyn'd lie, scarce had hee ended full,
But him an officer i'th Kings name did greete,
And dub'd him Captaine i'th fresh-water Fleete.

# To the Heroicall Captaine *Thomas James*, of his discovery made by the Northwest passage towards the South Sea. 1631.

Heroicke soule, thy memory must live,
Beyond those stone built structures, that can give
Their earth an Ages talke; or can assure
The effigies of some mony Gull shall dure,
Till spiders eate his memory: Oh poore glory,
T'inscrible a Marble with the tedious story
Of some stout Sir, whose vertue neere was more
Than how to quarrell, for (perhaps) a whore.
But thou (great James) hast by thy Actions fram'd
A trophie, that hereafter thou being nam'd,
Men shall rise up with reverence, and keepe
Thy fame from freezing, when thy Ashes sleepe.

# xCQQDx\*xCQQDx

### EPITAPHS

### Epitaphium Regis Swedorum.

Here sleepes hee who was and is The subject of eternall blisse.

Religion, and no other end, Caus'd him his blood and means to spend.

He conquer'd all, onely his breath, He lost, by which he conquer'd death.

Now would'st thou know whom we deplore 'Tis Sweaden, Reader; hush, no more:

Lest while thou read, thou and this stone Be both alike, by death made one.

For death and griefe are neare of kinne, So thou might'st die, being griev'd for him.

Cujus memoria sacrata hac pie flevit:

Tho. Beedome.

# An Elegy on the death of the renowned & victorious Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweathland.

Can the dry sound, Hee's dead, no more affright The world with terrour, than had some meane knight, Languish't to death in downe? or can the sound That Sweaden hath received a fatall wound Passe by, and like the bullet, hurt no more Than his stout brest, that felt the mortall sore? Oh no! it rankles in each weak'ned part, And strikes a chill amazement to the heart Of feeble Christendome, that by his losse, Puts on it's titles badge, The Christian Crosse: And'twas a great one too, yet let none wonder That heaven forebore to ring his knell in thunder: Or that some angry Meteor did not stare, And to the world their publique losse declare. No, no, some such Ambassador as this Had beene too mercifull! and made us misse Our just deserved punishment, for wee Knowing our sinne begot this misery, Might by a faign'd repentance have procur'd A pardon for the Prince: but now assur'd Of our owne weaknesse, we with teares may say, We are losers, though our army wonne the day. His death begot his conquest, and his foes Mourn'd at his fate, witnesse those death wing'd blows

Which heaven by meanes of his impressive steele,
Did make their bleeding carcasses to feele.
Then what remaines? but that our prayers gaine
This be the latest losse we may sustaine.
And that no more of Heavens great Champions fall
Through our default, to so sad funerall.

To the truly worthy, and his worthily honoured friend Mris. Judith Dyke, on the death of her brother Mr. John Dyke, obiit ult. Martii 1636.

Tamely, and soft as the Prophetique breath, That pants, the fatall passing bell of death Move, my sad soule, and to his happy hearse, Pay the deserved tribute of thy verse: And you blest maid, whose griefe hath almost wonne Death by your griefe to make you both but one, Cease your laments, for how can you be crost In this, since what God finds, can neere be lost? And wisely thinke you may offend in this, Love hath its errours, and may doe amisse. Death may looke dreadfull in an ill mans eye, 'Tis no great thing to live, but lesse to die: To die indeed, as Common people doe, That with perplexed soules bid earth adieu; And by necessity of late compeld, Their strugling spirits to the Coffin yeeld,

Were matter worthy griefe, and onely they Are like the houses that entombe them, clay: But where the soule (like his) rapt with desire, Disdaines dull earth, and aymes at glories higher: And by a bright Angelicke fire inflam'd, Mounts towards heaven, as oft as heares it nam'd; Like a sweete odor upward as it goes, It yeelds a perfume to th' Almighties nose: And hence ascended, 'tis not just that wee Lament at its exalted dignity. And sure no matter if wee must away, Whether it be to morrow, or to day; And if to day, at morne, or night, or noone, So wee die well, what need we care how soone. I know the fertile soyle of his pure heart Gave warmth to every vertuous roote of Art. And had the August of his age bin come They had bin crown'd with a blest harvest home. But now hee's clouded from your eyes to show That none but Angels worthy are to know What hee shall aged be: Oh! 'tis a fate Worth your best thankes; that day deserves it's date Be registred to Glory, when his Maker Made him, of him and all his blisse partaker. Now dare you loose a teare, unlesse it bee Because you are not happie yet as hee? 'Tis charity to wish you so: but then As you know how, yet God knowes better when.

Death comes to all, yet not to all as one;
Though all men die, yet good men well alone.
The Sunne's not lost, but set, the approaching day
Shall make it's light more glorious by delay:
If then in death such differences consist,
Desire so to dissolve to be with Christ.

So prayes for you, your true friend

Tho. Beedome.

### To the memory of his honoured friend Master John Donne, an Anniversary.

Blest dust, and better soule, to you alone, I raise this structure, not in Jet or Stone, Whose frailety in its luster onely can, Tell us below, there lyes a frayler man. But heightned by those severall glories which Doe equally your better selfe inrich, In those rude lines, if such poore things can live, I would a memory to your being give. Burst ope thy Cell, blest shade, and rise, that we May doe some homage to thy excellency. Or that thy great example may invite, Us to a wish of everlasting night, In which thy Sun of vertue shall appeare, So full, as if earth had no darkenesse there. Oh happy spring of thine, whose seede and flower Was sowed and bloom'd, and witherd in an hower,

For if long age be counted but a span, Thy inch of time scarce measur'd halfe a man. But sleepe, sleepe best of spirits, why should I Disturbe thy ashes? tis a misery, To know thou wert, and art not. For as men Mourne Jewels they once had, but lost agen, So he, whose bitter fate is forc't to prove, The misery of a memorable Love, Remembring what it was, and since no more He may enjoy it as he did before, Weepes the sad consequence, and prints thereby His sorrowes, offerd to the Readers eye. But I must leave thee thus, and thinke of thee, To the mad world, a just Antipathy. Thou wert not of those men whose gowne and hood, Must plead a wisdome, though not understood. Nor of the tribe of such as easily can, Drop jests, or vapours upon any man. These are the Indians, that doe friske and run, To the false rayes of each supposed Sunne: Simple Americans that doe ingrosse The toyes of every noble genius. Nor were you such whose cunning had the skill, To murder a friend closely, nor to kill With a pretence of safety; your just Endes Depended not on liking of your friends. But if the opposites of vice may be, Exprest by any contrariety,

Let all men know, what all men wish, which is But a content on earth, and after blisse, Which thou art crownd with; thus some stones are set At greater rate, then some whole Cabinet. When thy triumphant spirit once did inne, At the poore cottage of thy frayler skinne, Though every thought was payment of a rent, Too high and worthy such a tenement, Yet as it had a knowledge did dispiare, Because thou wouldst not tarry longer there. It droopes and ruinates it selfe, and falls, In every glory of its principalls: So Princes in a journey having beene The honoured guests of some poore village Inne Are mourn'd at their departure, and now more Grieves the sad host, then he was glad before. Come Virgins, you whose innocency can Embalme the memory of a divine man; You whose unspotted glories as your faces Preserve your fame and multiply its graces: Whose easie goodnesse never did affect To wound obedient spirits with neglect, Nor triumph in the fall of former loves, Come, come, blest Virgins bring your peacefull Doves, And at the Altar of his sacred shrine. Present them and your zeale, as I doe mine. That to the world hereafter may be read, Here innocency by Virgins wound lies dead.

### Mors æquo pede pulsat Pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres.

Mans life's a game, each hath his card in's hand, And death a while a looker on doth stand: At last hee shuffles in, a gamester too; Then cuts, deales, rubbes, and winnes, and so adieu. The King like common creatures in death must Find no respect, nor reverence in the dust: Their royalty put off, their state laid downe, There sits a clod of dirt, where once a Crowne. Their eyes like expir'd tapers drop, and fall, And leave their Sockets emptie; for the Ball, Or golden Globe, which once their hands did keepe, A knot of wormes doth role about, and creepe, Who tast no difference'twixt their flesh and those Who fed lesse dainty, wore farre courser cloathes. In his dominions Death's impartiall knowne, The King and begger there are all but one.

Rejoyce then rich men, and your game pursue; In death I'le be as good a man as you.

### x ĈŶŶĴx\*x ĈŶŶĴx\*x ĈŶŶĴx

# P O E M S

### The Royall Navy.

What's breath? a vapor: glory? a vaine chat: What's man? a span: what's life? shorter than that: What's death? a key: for what? to ope heavens dore: Who keepes it? time: for whom? both rich and poore: What's heaven? a haven: what's ships anchor there? Hope, faith, and love, with one small pinnace feare. What are those? men of warre: how fraught? with armes: What burthen? weighty, missing their alarum. Whose ships? the Kings: what colours? the red crosse: What ensignes? bloody from their Princes losse: And whither bound? to earth: Oh! what's their strife? To conquer breath, and glory, man and life. Oh! I foresee the storme, Lord I confesse, Than vapour, or vaine chat, or span I'm lesse. Save a relenting foe; thy glories are More excellent in peace, than death and warre; For to that time, that time his key shall lend, And to thy tent my yeelding spirit send: I will strike saile to these, and strive to prove Thy Captive, in my hope, faith, feare and love.

### The Petition.

Heare mee my God, and heare mee soone, Because my morning toucheth noone, Nor can I looke for their delight, Because my noone layes hold on night: I am all circle, my morne, night, and noone, Are individable, then heare mee soone.

Thou art all time my God, and I
Am part of that eternity:
Yet being made, I want that might
To be as thou art, Infinite:
As in thy flesh, so be thou Lord to mee,
That is, both infinite, and eternity.

But I am dust, at most, but man,
That dust extended to a span:
A span indeed, for in thy hand,
Stretcht or contracted, Lord, I stand,
Contract and stretch mee too, that I may be
Straightned on earth, to be enlarg'd to thee.

But I am nothing, then how can
I call my selfe, or dust, or man?
Yet thou from nothing all didst frame,
That all things might exalt thy name,
Make mee but something, then, my God to thee;
Then shall thy praise be all in all to mee.

### The Inquisition.

Ι

Where art thou God, or where is hee
That can discover thee to mee,
The worlds without thee sure, for here
Doth domineere
Hell, flesh, and sinne, thou art not there.

2

Doth Aire thy blessed spirit hold,
And from our eyes thy sight unfold,
Thou art not there my God, for here
Doth domineere

Satan, aires Prince, thou art not there.

3

Or doth thy sacred essence keepe
Court in the Chamber of the deepe;
No sure my God, not so, for here
Doth domineere

Leviathan, thou art not there.

4

Doth flames too subtill for our sence
To spy impail thy excellence;
No sure my God, not so, for here

Doth domineere

The fiery Prince, thou art not there:
In none of these confind, yet thou dost scatter
Thy presence, through both, earth, aire, fire, & water.

5

Each place containes thee God, yet thou
Art no where, no where dost remaine:
Though every place wee thee allow,
No place we know can thee containe.
Then I have found thee now though here,
Nor here thou art not yet, thou art
Both there and here, be any where,
So thou bee in my heart;
Where being Lord, let that my closet bee,
To keepe thee safe in mee, and mee in thee.

### A Proud man.

Vile worme of dust, vaine clay how durst thou venter To swell thy selfe above the earth, thy center; Vapors exhal'd and lifted to the skies Or dissipate or else prove prodigies: Why being nothing art thou Bold to d'on The inglorious itch of exaltation, And by a petulant pride disdainst to bee More heightn'd by a selfe humility; As if the Babell of thy thoughts could shroud Th'aspiring battlements within a cloud, And so the mighty machin safely stand, Whose weaker basis is but mosse and sand. Strange mystery of sinne, that drives us on As farre as heaven to find perdition;

For wert thou there, and prov'd to bee so then Heaven would cast downe a devill once agen: Yet thus perhaps thy pride might sated bee, The Prince of Devils, doth but equall thee: Change but the subject and some sins admit, To humble minds a happy benefit. To kill the man of sin, to covet grace, To presse by violence to Gods holy place, Contention for a Crowne, for blessing strife, Are sins that fill mortalyty with life, But to be proud not to be proud, addes more Sinne to that pride, than pride had sinne before.

### Meditation.

I

My God came downe in thunder once, but then
The sonnes of men
Affrighted at the dreadfull cracke
Sounded, fell backe,
Desiring not his presence so agen.

7.

My God came downe in whirlewinds too, and flame,
But his great Name,
So blazon'd, did astonish more
Than heretofore,
When pointed thunder his loud Herrald came.

3

My God came downe in flesh and blood, and then The Sonnes of men,

To such familiar mercy call

Their spleene and gall

To propagate his haste to heaven agen.

4

My God comes daily downe, in bread and wine, A feast divine:

But grounds, and oxen hinder some,
They cannot come;

Exclude them then, sayes God, they are not mine.

5

My God comes downe in each repentant teare
Which my sad feare
Of his displeasure, and my sinne exhales.

'Tis that which bails

My soule, for all the good shee's in arreare.

6

Come to mee still, my God, or else let mee,
So thou assist my footsteps, goe to thee.
I know the way, for if to thee I come,
Thou art as well the voyage as the home.
If thou to mee, my soule no passage feares:
By thunder, whirlewinde, flesh, or feast, or teares.

### The Resurrection.

Is no time certaine when or how, yet must Some certaine time determine I am dust? Must these full bones, and swelling veines appeare Saplesse and dry, as when the falling yeare Exhaustes the humour from the verdant bough, Which did green liveries to the leaves allow? And must it be from my decay resolv'd, That my whole fabricke once must be dissolv'd? 'Tis true my soule, 'tis so: yet let no care Drive any anxious thought how thou shalt fare. There is a rich preservative for thee, Above all balsome, call'd fidelity, And when my Masse of congregated clay, Shall in Earths Vineyard labour out the day, The penny shall be thine: and he that can From Rockes and Stones, raise seed to Abraham Shall raise thy dissipated dust: and glew Thee in coherence, with thy corpes anew. Strange miracle! yet Lazarus can tell, This Paradox in him found paralell. I doe beleeve it Lord: Oh! let me be, As happy to enjoy my faith as he.

### Conscience.

See the blacke clouds of my aspiring sinne, Whose noxious exhalations beginne To muffle up my hopes, and swelling high, Terminate no where till they touch the skye: Shrill clammarous Conscience, dost thou think my God Like Baall, his chinne upon his brest doth nod, And wakens not unlesse thy cry (which is A thousand Larums) added be to his? Busie Recorder, know'st thou not I finde, Through the wholl series of a sinfull minde, That 'tis enough to sinne? the burthen's more When after-checks tell what I did before: And gives ill rellish to my sicke condition, To taste such Viands by a repetition. Yet happy be (my soule) for stupid scence, Might so relaxe th'intentive Conscience, That from its prone endeavour it might be No lesse then guilty by indulgency. Oh! prosecute me still, quicke Conscience, doe And may I my repentance doe so too; That when my Judge doth find thy judgement past Appeas'd he say, lost sheepe come home at last.

### The Mercy Seate.

Ι

Passing along, as I oft passe that way, I heard one from the Sanctuary say,

Ho! ho! come in All you that sinne

And I will take the burthen cleane away. Harke soule said I, oh! harke, the Number's All, The mercy and the cry both generall.

2

With that my soule and I, two that had bin Long stale-companions in the sweetes of sinne,

> Approacht that place Bright shrine of grace,

And askt if such a mercy lodg'd therein. Oh yes! sayes one, before you Throne appeare, Take in your heart a sigh, your eye a teare.

3

Then to a spotlesse Altar I was brought, Where God to Man is Charracted in thought,

Upon which stood A crimson blood,

Whose every drop a thousand soules had bought. And there I kneel'd, for oh! what gesture is Or can be in this action too submisse?

4

I tooke and tasted from the field and vine, Their two best Elements of bread and wine,

> And my soule straight Had lost the waight,

Which did before disease its rest and mine. I found the cause was this, that while I fed, My soule tooke in more God, then I did bread.

5

Loud voice, large mercy, boundlesse flood, sweete vine, Proclaime, forgive, wash, cleanse this soule of mine,

That to thy glory I may story,

Both worke and subject of that mercy thine. Thine? thine my God, tis true: Oh! let me be As neare that attribute, as that to thee.

### The Present.

What shall I doe my God for thee?

Thee, that hast done so much for me.

For when I opened first the wombe to live

In this low soyle

Of sweate and toyle,

Thou didst the meanes and guidance give.

My age is but a span or two,
A twist, which death can soone undoe:
A white, shot at by many an ayming dart,
A restlesse ball,
Bandied by all

Adversities that tosse a heart.

Then search within me, and without,
Imploy thy notice round about:
Survey me well, and finde in which part lyes
A thing so fit,
That I may it

Preferre to thee for sacrifice.

Though some present thee gold; or some Rich Easterne smels, Myrrhe, Synamum,
Or some proclaime thee in a deeper straine,
Which dyes before,

'Tis twice read o're,

In its owne wombe, and tombe, their braine.

Let me bring thee, my God, a heart,
Entitled thine in every part,
Next that, a verse like this, upon which mine
Be longer set,
Than to forget,

That such a present thou shouldst fine.

Let others so with men their credites prove, They show them wealth and wit: I thee my love.

### Ad punctum mortis.

If this houre doe the businesse of my age, For being borne I must resolve to dye, With what delight can I supply the stage, Mirth cannot suite well with a Tragedy; Leave me delight, and let my sorrowes tell Heaven is my joy, the joy of earth my Hell. Ægypt's the way to Canaan, what though here The Pharaohs of the time did me oppose, Yet thy deliverance shall protect me there, The greatest discord have the sweetest close; Let my assurance here my joyes expresse, That's the good land, this but the Wildernesse. Onyons and Garlicke, and the flesh-pots too, Let them desire that have a list to eate. My pallat cannot rellish what they doe, Manna, my God, I know is Angels meate; But if this place affords it not to me, Take me to Canaan since it is with thee. Art thou not beauty Lord, to whom the Sunne, At height of glory is so darke a blot, That when thou didst obscure thy blessed Sonne The other had his wonted light forgot. Yet in that blest Ecclipse, this turn'd such light That earth saw heaven, though heaven was hid in night.

### To the Angels.

I

A safe humility is wise,
Both to it selfe and others to,
I know there's starres, but use mine eyes
To finde out what they cannot doe,
For though they both partake of light
Both have not equal sence in sight.

2

And is it safe you glorious lights,

That this dull glimering sparke, my soule,
Affect to know those boundlesse heights,

Where your exalted spirits rule;

Or were my wisedome better spent

Or were my wisedome better spent To reach my heart, at home, content?

3

Yet as in dungeons we behold,
Through some small chinke a glimering ray,
And thence assured we are bold
To thinke without there is a day,
So you discover to our sence
Your excellence by your influence.

4

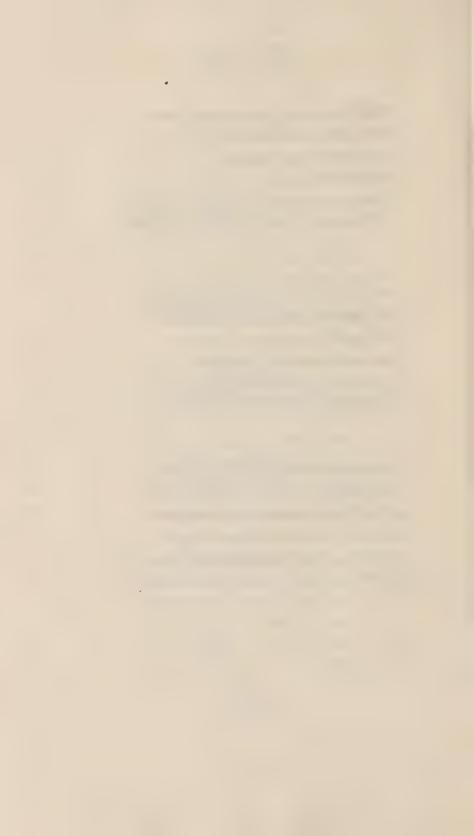
Blest Children, of a more blest Father;
Ile not discourse your story,
For my affections had much rather,
Partake than speake your glory,
Speake your own glory, you that can,
Which no man ere shall know as man.

5

And yet I care not, I, what Quire Of Cherubs, Seraphins, or Thrones, Or Angels, lower are or higher, Since all I know are holy ones; If I keepe time with any Quire, I like the seate, Ile wish no higher.

6

Farewell sweete Quire, farewell I say,
This glimpse at distance doth confute
All my discourse, and makes me pray
To know you there without dispute.
And since I long to meete, least I shall stray,
Guide you your Lover on upon his way.



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## N O T E S

The Perfume; page 3. Line 1, "try'd," of the original 1641 edition is altered to "try'd"; 14, "heart" altered to "heart."; 18, "owne:" altered to "owne."; 113, "suffice?" altered to "suffice"; 114, "rise." altered to "rise?"; 116, comma inserted after "one".

To his Mistresse on her Scorne; page 4. Line 10, "mee." of 1641 is altered to "mee,"; l11, "conquest, yet when I" altered to "conquest yet. When I"; l14, "funerall." altered to "funerall:".

The Question and Answer; page 5. In line 6, "beleived" is altered to "belied"; 111, 1641, reads "Love's sweetes, thy aged corps,"; and in 112 "if thy carkasse beauty rot.".

The new Petition; page 5. Line 2, "So he might keepe, his love Admetus' sheepe:" changed to "So he might keepe his love, Admetus' sheepe:". Page 6, 11, "Joane" is changed to "Joave"; 12, "Europus" is changed to "Europa's"; 15, "Love spar'd" is changed to "Love-spur'd"; 16, "wave." changed to "wave,"; 126, "reliefe" changed to "reliefe?"; 127, "this" changed to "these". Page 7, 11, comma deleted after "language"; 12, "Limb'd" is changed to "Limn'd"; 120, "wip't all teares from lovers eyes." changed to "wip't teares from all lovers eyes."

Fooles Paradise, &c.; page 7. Line 2, "sent" is clearly an error for "sint" or "sunt". My learned acquaintance have not been able to find the source of this

phrase. Page 8, 14, "Love," of 1641 is altered to "Love."; 1 10, "too." altered to "to."; 1 16, "dy'd." altered to "dy'd;"; 1 18, "perfection," is altered to "perfection."; 120, "warre." altered to "warre,"; 121, "Paris, for her face," altered to "Paris; for her face"; 126, comma deleted at end of line. Page 9, 1 i, "repell'd," of 1641 changed to "repell'd;"; 12, comma deleted at end of line; 1 9, "force" altered to "fixt" ("force" probably being a preventing "double"); 112, full stop at end of line changed to comma; 126, do., do.; 122, vice versa. Page 10, 11, "diety" changed to "deity"; 120, full stop at end of line changed to query; 1 21, commas deleted after "Pearle" and "skinne"; 1 24, full stop in place of comma at end of line. Page 11, 110, comma deleted after "pleasant"; at the ends of 11 12, 18 and 20 of page II, and ll 4 and 8 of page 12, colon changed to full stop, colon changed to comma, comma changed to colon, full stop changed to query, and full stop deleted. Page 12, 19, "rosall" changed to "roseall".

The broken heart; page 13. Line 10, "hart" changed to "heart".

To his worthy friend, &c.; page 14. Line 8, "it;" of 1641 is changed to "it,"; ll 13 and 14, commas added at ends of lines; l 19, "stealing, goe" changed to "stealing goe,"; l 21, comma at end of line changed to semicolon. Page 15, l 2, "neare" changed to "Neare"; l 4, full stop at end of line changed to comma; l 5, vice versa.

Untitled poem; page 16. This poem is in 1641 attached as additional verses to the preceding poem. Line 12, "tame" changed to "tamer".

The Choyce; page 17. Line 3, "glasse," is changed to "glosse"; at end of 14 comma is changed to semicolon, and at end of 16, comma to full stop.

Encomium, &c.; page 17. At end of line 9, comma of 1641 changed to colon; l 11, "yea" changed to "ye"; at end of l 14, full stop deleted. Page 18, full stop at end of l2 changed to comma; l22, "comute" of 1641 is changed to "cornute"; at end of l24, full stop changed to semicolon. Page 20, at end of l22 comma is replaced by full stop; l23, "I will" is changed to "Twill". Page 21, at end of l4, semicolon changed to comma; at end of l11, colon inserted.

Against prejudicate opinion; page 22. In line 2, comma inserted after "smell"; comma deleted at end of 15.

To my deare friend, &c.; page 23. Comma at end of line 4 is changed to full stop; 18, ) at end of line placed after "friend" and full stop substituted.

To the Noble Sr. Francis Drake; page 23. Line 1, "perrerati" of 1641 changed to "pererrati"; at end of 12, full stop changed to colon; 13, "Sydera" is changed to "sidera", and "notam" to "notum"; 14, "cunctis" changed to "comitis".

To his friend Mr. Em. D., &c.; page 24. Full stop at end of line 4 changed to comma; 113, comma after

"fop" deleted.

To the excellent Poet, &c.; page 26. "Poets" of 1641 in the title changed to "Poet". Page 27, line 1, full stop at end of line deleted; at end of 18, comma replaced by full stop.

To the worthy honoured, &c.; page 28, at end of line

10, full stop changed to semicolon.

### The Notes

To the Heroicall Captaine, &c.; page 29. Comma at end of line 8 changed to full stop.

Epitaphium, &c.; page 30. Line 8, ", husht no more"

of 1641 changed to "; hush, no more".

An Elegy, &c.; page 32. Line 1, "impressure" of 1641

is changed to "impressive".

To the truly worthy, &c.; page 33. Commas at ends of lines 22 and 25 in 1641 here deleted; comma at end of 128 changed to full stop. Page 34, 11, "Death comes to call, yet not to call as one" is changed to "Death comes to all, yet not to all as one".

To the memory, &c.; page 34. The John Donne of this poem cannot be the Dean of St. Paul's, since it refers to a young man. Nor can it be the Dean's

son, who was alive in 1641.

Line 4 is punctuated here as in 1641, but the comma should come after "us" instead of after "below". Page 35, 15, "and art not, for so men," of 1641 is changed to "and art not. For as men". Page 36, 13, comma after "with" changed to semicolon; comma at end of 14 is changed to full stop; 18, "To" is printed here "Too"; 19, "dispiare" is a 1641 misprint for "dispaire".

Mors aquo pede pulsat, &c.; page 37. Line 3, comma inserted after "in"; 15, "The King like common creatures" appears in 1641 within parentheses: a sign of political sensitiveness on the part, probably, of the transcriber whose copy the printer used.

The Royall Navy; page 38. Line 7, comma after "warre" changed to colon; 18, query changed to full stop at end of line; 114, comma at end of line changed to full stop.

## The Notes

The Petition; page 39. 1641 does not divide this poem into stanzas. Line 19, comma at end of line deleted; 1 23, comma inserted after "then", and semicolon substituted for comma at end of line. The Inquisition; page 40. Line 17, "impaild" is changed to "impail".

A Proud man; page 41. At end of line 12, comma changed to full stop. Page 42, l 11, comma after the first "proud" is here placed after the second.

Meditation; page 42. Comma at end of line I deleted. Page 43, 1 I, comma at end of line deleted; 1 5, 164I, reads "To properate"; 1 I3, 164I, has no full stop at end of line; 1 I4, "bales" changed to "bails"; 1 I6, semicolon at end of line changed to comma; in 1 2I, a comma is inserted after "thunder".

The Resurrection; page 44. Line 10, 1641 prints "feare" in place of "fare"; in 1 20, comma after "him" deleted, full stop at end of line supplied.

The Mercy Seate; page 46. 1641 prints full stop at end of line 9, and comma at end of 112. Page 47, 16, "while" is inserted between "that" and "I".

The Present; page 48. Line 5, "Banded" changed to "Bandied", and comma deleted at end of line.

Ad punctum mortis; page 49. Comma inserted at end of line 1; 18, 1641 prints "Pharaoh's".

To the Angels; page 50. Line 6, comma at end of line is changed to full stop; 112, commas inserted after "heart" and "home", and full stop at end of line changed to query; at end of 118, semicolon changed to full stop. Page 51, 11, vice versa; 17, commas are here inserted after "not" and "I"; 110, comma at end of line changed to semicolon.

The following alterations in the poem To his Mistresse, &c., on page 1, should have appeared on page i of these Notes: "mee," at end of line 2 is changed to "mee?—"; 1 3, "too" is changed to "to"; parentheses are here supplied to ll 9 and 10; at end of last line comma is changed to semicolon.

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